HURLOTHRUMBO:

OR, THE

SUPER-NATURAL.

As it is Acted at the

NEW THEATRE,

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

Written by

Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON,

from Cheshire.

Ye Sons of Fire, read my HURLOTHRUMBO,
Turn it betwixt your Finger and your Thumbo,
And being quite out done, be quite struck dumbo.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. WOTTON, at the *Queen's-Head and Three Daggers*, and J. SHUCKBURGH, at the *Sun*, in *Flex-street*. M.DCC.XXIX.

(*Price* 1 *s.* 6 *d.*)

To

His Grace the Duke of
Bolton at Rockwood
Near Basing Stoke Hants

To

The Right Hon.ble Lord
Marbury Glenlyon and
from thence to

The Hon.ble Lord

TO

The Honourable the Lady *DELVES.*

MADAM,

WHEN I think of your Goodneſs, it gives me Encouragement to put my Play under your grand Protection; and if you can find any thing in it worthy of your Praiſe, I am ſure the *Super-Naturals* will like it. I do not flatter when I

ſay, your Taſte is univerſal, Great as an Empreſs, Sweet and Refin'd as Lady *Malpas*, Sublime as Lady *Sarah Cowper*, Learned and Compleat as Lady *Conway*, Diſtinguiſhing and Clear as Mrs. *Madin*, Gay, Good and Innocent as Lady *Bland*. I have often thought that you are a Compound of the World's Favourites, that all meet and rejoice together in one; the Taſte of *Montagu*, *Wharton*, or *Meredith*, *Stanhope*, *Sneid*, or *Byrom*; the Integrity and Hoſpitality of *Legh* of *Lime*, the Wit and Fire of *Bunbury*, the Senſe of an *Egerton*, fervent to ſerve as *Beresford* or *Mildmay*, belov'd like *Gower*. If you was his Rival, you'd weaken the Strength of that moſt powerful Subject. I hope your eternal Uniſons in Heaven will always ſing to keep up the Harmony in your Soul, that is Muſical as Mrs. *Leigh*, and never ceaſes to delight; raiſes us in Raptures like *Amante Spoſa*, Lord *Eſſex*, or the Sun. If

every Pore in every Body in *Cheſhire* was a Mouth, they would all cry out aloud, *God ſave the Lady* DELVES! that illuminates the Minds of Morals, inſpires with Muſick and Poetry eſpecially,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

Lord *FLAME.*

TO

The Right Honble the Lord *WALPOLE.*

My Good Lord,

I Return Thanks to Heaven, which is in you, I mean your Taſte, that would not continue, except it was cheriſh'd with Vertue, that Parent of Eternal Love; 'tis all Palate hungers after, intellectual Food, Generoſity, Harmony; the lofty Lines of a ſublime Pen: and theſe beautiful Perfections in you, have been

been the Chief Support of my Play. At this Time there are as many fine Poets in *England* as ever there were; but they will not write, becauſe they ſay there is nothing encourag'd but Noiſe and Nonſenſe. But I believe thoſe Bards are miſtaken; for ſo long as the Lord Duke of *Montagu*, Yourſelf, and Mr. *Charles Stanhope* live, fine Poetry will not want Encouragement; tho' I have nothing to boaſt of in my Play, but the Character of *Soarethereal*, yet you great Men, that ſhine among the Angels, did condeſcend to ſupport me, and no one is more thankful than

Your LORDSHIP's

very humble Servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

Subſcribers Names.

The Dutcheſs of *Montagu.*
The Dutcheſs of *Bedford.*
Earl of *Starborough.*
Earl of *Eſſex.*
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THE PROLOGUE,

By *AMOS MEREDITH* Eſq;

RUles were by Coxcombs made to cramp the Mind,
By Nature free, unfetter'd, unconfin'd,
She mounts a Flame, and flies aſtride the Wind.

Thro' boundleſs Space wings her celeſtial Way,
And Eagle-ey'd confronts the Source of Day:
Criticks be gone—Avaunt ye Sons of Clay.

To every Star its Name and Courſe aſſign,
In narrow Bounds the ſwelling Tides confine,
And teach the Ruler of the Day to ſhine.

Sluggiſh, the ſervile Mule ſuſtains the Weight;
Wolves bait the Moon, becauſe ſhe ſhines ſo bright,
And Owls are blinded with Exceſs of Light.

Unchain'd by Art, with true poetick Rage,
In Buskins highly rais'd, we tread the Stage,
With Fire from Heaven, to thaw the frozen Age.

The

The God of Numbers and melodious Strains,
Triumphant drives thro' Empyrean Plains,
Impetuous bound the Steeds, nor bear the Reins.

If Soarethereal's *Character's too high*
For mean Conception, ſhocks the vulgar Eye,
Let filthy Mire accuſe the azure Sky.

Diamonds to Swine are deſpicable Things,
Loſt to the Mole, the vernal Verdure ſprings,
And Adders hiſs, tho' Seneſino *ſings.*

The Prieſteſs ſpeaks of him who gilds the Skies;
Behold he comes! Behold the God ſhe cries,
And ſwells, and foams, and rolls her frantick Eyes.

Hark to the Noiſe! a hundred Doors around,
Spontaneous jar, the vaulted Roofs rebound,
And Words burſt forth with more than Mortal Sound.

Persons of the Drama.

MEN.

Soarethereal.
Hurlothrumbo.
Dologodelmo.
Darony.
Urlandenny.
Theorbeo.
Lomperhomock.
Darno.
Primo.
Puny.
Temo.
Col. Countermine.
Genius.
Spirit.
Death.
Lord Flame.

WOMEN.

Cademore.
Sermentory.
Seringo.
Lusingo.
Cuzzonida.

HURLOTHRUMBO:

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Dologodelmo *and* Hurlothrumbo *meeting.*

Dolo. *Urlothrumbo*, how goes the Muſe?

Hurlo. Dologodelmo, have you heard the News?

Dolo. What News?

Hurlo. Darno, *Urlandenny*, and *Darony*, have coin'd their Eſtates into Money.

Dolo. But for what reaſon?

Hurlo. Certainly Treaſon.

Dolo. Pray deſcribe yourſelf in Proſe.

Hurlo. It will be deſcrib'd in Blows.
There's more in the Wind
Than the wiſe Philoſophers can find.

Dolo. No Storms, no Rebellions, I hope.

Hurlo. Nothing leſs, 'tis Pride, curs'd Pride, but let them climb to fall.

Dolo. Pride, Pride is the Serpent's Egg laid in the Hearts of all; but hatch'd by none but Fools! Pray what ſays the King to theſe Adventures?

Hurlo. Say! he ſays and he ſays not, cares and he cares not, he's King and he's no King.; his high-born Soul is above this Sublunary World, he reigns, he rides in the Clouds, and keeps his Court in the Horizon; he's Emperor of the Superlative Heights, and lives in Pleaſure among the Gods; he plays at Bowls with the Stars, and makes a Foot-ball of the Globe; he makes that to fly far, far out of the reach of Thought.

Dolo. But if he deſpiſes this World, and reſides in the Climes above, how muſt we fill our empty Troops below?

Hurlo. Oh take no thought for that, for when the leaſt Spark of this ſtifled Fire appears, then *Jupiter*, *Mars*, the King, will riſe with all the Gods to keep the Rebels under: They'll make Drums of the Elements and Skies, and beat up for Voluntiers in Thunder.

Enter Sementory *and* Seringo.

Ser. Can you gueſs at the Cauſe of the King's exceſſive Melancholy?

Sem. 'Tis Love, all Love; in his Travels he came to the Court of *Spain*, where he fell in love with *Cademore*, the King's moſt beautiful Daughter; and *Theorbeo*, her elder Brother, is link'd in Friendſhip with *Soarethereal*. The King of *Spain* has promis'd his Daughter *Cademore* in Marriage to the King of *France*, but *Theorbeo*'s Paſſion for our Sovereign, was the Cauſe of his helping his Siſter in the Eſcape from the Arbitrary Power of a Father,

Father, and is daily expected to arrive in this City: So 'tis Fear, Hope, Love is the Cauſe of his Diſtreſs.

Ser. See, ſee, what frantick Man is this?

Sem. It is my Lord *Flame*, diſtracted in Love with you: Fall back, let us hear his Soliloquy.

Enter Flame *with a drawn Sword in his Hand, throws it on the Ground.*

Fla. Thou Key of my Soul, unlock me not, I will not die and leave her behind amongſt corporeal Rivals; that ſhe was dead, alive, amongſt the pureſt Spirits: Oh that this too, oh too, too dear, tender fond Heart could yearn, and ſigh no more! Conſtancy deſtroys me, Love makes me Heavenly, and Tears refine the Soul: as a Pilgrim I will travel till a Hermitage I find; I'll mourn, I'll wander to *Ovid*'s ſolitary Tomb; I'll pity that poor unfortunate Man; I'll think of her I love the moſt, and pour out my Tears upon him; there will I proſtrate myſelf, and may I ſlumber till the heavenly Harmony wakes the ſleepy dead.

[*Enter* Sementory *and* Seringo.

Oh! the deluding Creature,
Stings me from every Feature;
When you ſtrive to gain me,
You only mean to pain me;
Cruel Deceiver, Heaven leave her,
Let her not come above,
To taſte the Sweets of conſtant Love. [Exit.

Sem. Oh *Seringo*, entice not a Man to Love, except you deſign to marry: If a radiant Beam dart from the Fire of the Eye, 'twill touch his Inclination like Nitrous Powder, and flaſh through all his Veins, diſcompoſe his Faculties, and infect his Soul: I am ſorry for this poor Man, 'tis dangerous to continue here, let us leave the place. [*Ex.*

[*Scene changes, and discovers the King sleeping upon a Couch.*

Enter to him Dologodelmo.

King. Oh *Godelmo*, why hast thou call'd me home to myself?

Dolo. I came according to your Majesty's Commands.

King. As in Dreams the Souls of Hermits in secret Extasies are catch'd away by Angels, so was my Spirit in transport charm'd by the Image I most admire; she retreated and at a distance gaz'd and lov'd, then eagerly flying to my Arms, she stifled me with Kisses; but like to Sin you call'd me away from Heaven. Oh! my *Cademore*, that I might die always thus to live with thee; for when the Fetters of Slumber have link'd these Limbs and the Ground together, when the Chains of Sleep have bound this Body to the Earth; when these Eyes, these Ears are insensible, I have other Eyes that see, other Ears that hear, and myself rejoices when myself is dead. [*The King sits down and pauses, then rises.*

Dolo. The Solitarys wait without, and humbly desire admittance.

King. Do you know their Business?

Dolo. They come with sublime Tidings from the coelestial World, and will yield your Majesty pleasure through their own Simplicities.

King. Let them appear, [*Exit* Dolo.] These Men despise the Company of Mortals, and say they delight more in the Shadow of something, than to converse with a Nothing in Substance.

Enter

Enter Dolo, *and ſix Solitarys.*

Primo. My Sovereign Lord, we think ourſelves in Duty bound to inform you of all the Ills that threaten both your Perſon and your Crown, that ſeems to be ſurrounded by many Adverſaries.

King. How are you inform'd of this?

Prim. In Parable Viſionary, deliver'd down and explain'd in Hieroglyphicks.

King. But after what manner?

Prim. We all in one Night had the ſame Viſion; gazing ſtedfaſtly upon your Dominions, the Hills ſunk down to Vales, and the Valleys roſe up to Mountains, upon which a Giant ſtood, ſwelling huge with arroganting Poiſon; his horrid Viſage reach'd the Skies, graſping a Sword in his Hand that flam'd from Earth to Heaven, glittering on high, and blaz'd in Elemental Fire, upon whoſe mighty Edge, Death rode triumphant: then in Fury, as Lightning upon the Wing, ſlunk down, hiſſing through the Air, the Wind from which, blaſted every Head of us, and this Head is you my Sovereign Lord.

King. Did this appear to all?

Prim. All, all, all. [*Ex. Solit.*

King. If Calamity be the Parent of Wiſdom, why do the Afflicted depend on Dreams?

Dolo. Your Majeſty has no Cauſe to fear.

King. If *Hurlothrumbo* is brave, there is no danger.

Dolo. Was not his Courage truly try'd in *Rome.*

King. But after what manner?

Dolo. By the Emperor's Imperial Command he was forc'd into the Amphitheatre, there to be devoured by the hungry Jaws of a Lion; diſarm'd he enter'd, taking from his Heel his Ammunition Spur, he wrench'd it wide, and gripe'd it thus.

Enter

Enter Hurlo.

King. Hurlothrumbo, give me a Deſcription of the Combat.

Hurlo. The Door of the Den was no ſooner lifted up, but the Monſter hugely rouz'd himſelf aloft, ſtalking gravely he enter'd, ſlinging from his Talons ſedentary Pain, with Scarlet fiery Ogles ken'd all around; but when I ſaw the Beauty of *Greece*, my Heart was all Granade, I had an Army within, a Centry guarded every Pore, and this Compound of Elements thundred. The Lion came at me amain, with Jaws open, dreadful as the Mouth of Hell, he ſprang aloft, I glanc'd, he miſt me, then with rebound he turn'd, and by the Main I caught him as he flew, and over his Back I threw myſelf aſtride; then with my Knees I cruſh'd his Ribs and Heart together, and with my Right-hand Spur I cleft his Skull: I bruis'd the Pan of his Brain, till Flaſhes of Lightning flew ſwift from his Eyes; I ſtabb'd his Sight, he twiſted, he grinn'd, he turn'd and looſe he broke, bloodily blind as he was, in raging Storms, in circling Whirlwinds flew; his burning Heart, that ſwell'd with Anguiſh, Fury and Revenge; his Talons tore the Earth, rent the Flints, he gnaw'd the Ground, and Choler boiling over, churning Duſt, Blood and Foam, he roar'd tremendous.

King. 'Tis a furious Deſcription; but how did you conquer him?

Hurlo. My Coat I roll'd up thus, and hurl'd it to his Breaſt; then eagerly graſping the Prey, I march'd towards him, I ſpurn'd at his Heart; he reel'd, I retreated; he recover'd, I advanc'd; again I ſtruck, then trembling, he diſgorg'd a Flood of Gore, and ſtifling with the Stream, bolt upright he roſe;

roſe; I purſued my Strokes, he fainted, he ſunk, he ſhiver'd, he died.

King. Hurlothrumbo, 'tis bravely done; ſearch out into all the World, pick the Univerſe, bring to me every thing that's noble in the Mind, empty of Ambition and full of Greatneſs, that I may feaſt their Bodies, and ſatisfy my own Soul; for when my Crown adorns the Head of a worthy Man, then I enjoy it, and wear it truly, in the inward Raptures of my Heart.

Hurlo. 'Tis moſt certain the learned *Larmo* is worthy of Honour.

King. I know him well, he has a thouſand Perfections, though in him I diſcern the Spark of Avarice, it ſeem'd to me like the infernal Eye of *Lucifer*, 'tis a Canker that encreaſes and infects the Mind, let no ſuch Man be truſted; give me he that is like *Theorbeo*, that has ventur'd and loſt his Crown for his Friend: Is he yet arrived?

Hurlo. He is.

King, Go tell him, I'll come and rejoice in his Preſence. [*Ex.* King *and* Dolo.

Enter Urlandenny *and* Darno.

Urlan. Darlo, a good Day to you, how proſpers our Deſign?

Darn. Far exceeding our Expectation, I've ſold my Eſtate for a hundred thouſand Pounds; it is to be return'd for the ſame Money, if I require it, in ſeven Years.

Urlan. Mine is equally ſecured; this is a Defence againſt Ill, but now we'll ſpeak for thy ſelf; I am inſpir'd with a Thought that will overthrow the Government, that makes me as ſtrong as *Atlas*; I'll make ——

Enter

Enter Flame.

Fla. The Flight takes me in the Head to give you a Deſcription of the War of Angels, the black ones and the white ones; now you are of the dark kind, but they were conquer'd.

Urlan. How Prophetick the Man talks, as if he knew our Deſigns? The Tongues of Children, Fools and Madmen have often foretold my Fate.

Darn. You are ſuperſtitious.

Fla. And as I was ſaying, Army in Array againſt Army, ſtood ſolemn, profound; before the Cloudy Van, Expectation ſtood in Horrour, and *Satan*, with vaſt and haughty Strides advanc'd, came touring, arm'd in Adamant and Gold.

Enter Darony.

Dar. Who do you mimick, my Lord?

Fla. The Devil, Sir.

Dar. I reſent it.

Fla. Draw.

Urlan. Hold, he is repeating a Paſſage in *Milton*; his Wit is borrow'd, he's a Moon-light.

Dar. I'll excuſe him as a Lunatick.

Urlan. I recommend to thee a Miſs, as a Specifick to aſſuage this mighty Fever in the Brain.

Fla. I am unſtain'd, not touch'd with any black Crime, above the World, upon a lofty Mountain, and next Neighbour to the Sun.

Urlan. Now condeſcend the Woman lies two Yards below you, go down, tick, toy and play with her, 'twill cool your Blood, and ſweeten your ſour Juices.

Fla. Then how ſhall I aſcend again to my grand Original Height? 'tis up Hill; Woman pulls, Nature hangs heavy upon the feeble Soul, and Reſolutions

lutions weak; no, Conſcience is an intellectual Caul that covers the Heart, upon which all the Faculties ſport in Terror, like Boys that dance upon the Ice, if one cracks, another breaks, then all together plunge in over head and ears moſt horrid.

[*Ex.* Flame.

Urlan. Pray what new Adventures at Court?

Dar. A poor King is arrived at Court, and *Dologodelmo* oratorys high Encomiums upon the mighty *Soarethereal*, declares he's like the glorious Sun, extends his Beams to all and every part of the World; and as he rides along the *Meridian* Courſe, every feeble Plant beneath him is cheriſhed, and riſes up revived.

Urlan. The Simile is not good: The Sun gives Life to the Plants that reſide far off, but thoſe that grow under him are burn'd, and ſcorched to Aſhes. 'Tis plain, Foreigners are moſt encourag'd, and we that pay the Taxes receive not the Benefit of Office; *Soarethereal* declares all the World are his Country-men, and he that has the greateſt Soul, to him is the neareſt a-kin: but to the Purpoſe, what's to be done? The Mob of this City muſt be highly prejudic'd in our behalf.

Dar. They are all ſecure to a Man; I have diſtributed amongſt them a hundred thouſand Pounds; let's away to the Lord *Urme*, he will ſtrengthen our Deſign.

[*Ex.* Darony, Urlandenny, *and* Darno.

SCENE, *Cademore's* Apartment.

Enter Cademore *and* Luſingo.

Luſing. My good Lady prepare, the King comes.

Cade. O *Luſingo!* I could longer taſte the Sweets of Expectation dear, I'd view the beautiful Œconomy of this Court, his Perſon at a diſtance,

and Motion of his Soul, that moves and reigns in my Breaſt; we may enjoy the greateſt Bliſs too too ſoon. Was I to leave this World, and take my Flight to the celeſtial Heights, I'd firſt viſit yon diſtant Moon, then tow'ring high I'd viſit the brighteſt Situation of the Sun; then climb amazed up to the Stars, I'd taſte the Sweets of every Orb, before I enter'd Heaven. [*Ex.*

Enter King, Theorbeo, *and* Hurlothrumbo.

King. Theorbeo, thy conſtant Heart mourns for thy Miſtreſs, not for the Loſs of thy Crown; the Powers are jealous of Love like thine, and Heaven is only worthy of it, and only capable to make a return.

Theo. Your Majeſty talks like a ſeparate Soul, not like one that is cloathed with Nature.

King. I beg pardon, I touch your Sore; I long to attend thee to the Throne with a hundred thouſand Men.

Theo. I return your Majeſty thanks; yet hope, that no one will venture his Life for me: the Life of a Friend is more than a Kingdom.

King. Venture my Life! what is my Life? let me not paſs through this World, the common Road to Eternity; fade away through the blaſting Word from on high, that mingles with the Air, and makes all Men mortal; I had much rather ſurrender this Life up an offering, and die in the Service of ſome dear Friend; in Vehemency of Spirit, and Fervency of Friendſhip, I could plunge through a Flood of Fire to deliver a Friend from the Jaws of a Lion.

Theo. I do believe 'tis in your Majeſty's power to eſtabliſh me upon my Throne; but all Nature in my Breaſt is chang'd; that which is Gall to another, is Honey to me: Life is bitter, and

makes

makes Death ſweet. What is a Poſt of Honour to a Man who thinks he has enough, and has no Ambition? He that will be rich, muſt deſtroy Ambition; Ambition is a Monſter not to be fed, never ſatisfied till he is ſtarved out.

King. 'Tis true, *Hurlo*; from whence proceeds Ambition?

Hurlo. A Man's Heart and his Bladder changes Places.

King. And what is Honour?

Hurlo. Honour is, and it is not; yet Honour is to be found.

Theo. My Intellect has rang'd in purſuit of Honour throughout the Univerſe, nay, even to the Skies, but found it not.

Hurlo. O it's on t'other ſide, my Lord.

King. O *Theorbeo*, I admire how a Man can ſo much deſpiſe Power?

Theo. True Power lies in the Mind, or Strength that can ſway the Faculties.

King. I beg pardon for interrupting; I muſt beg leave to ſee the Lady your Siſter.

[*Ex.* King, Theo. *and* Hurlo.

[*Scence changes, and diſcovers* Cademore, Seringo, *and* Luſingo.

Enter King, *and ſalutes* Cademore.

Cade. Oh he's here! O my Soul ſtarts, and my Heart-ſtrings ſhiver!

King. O my *Cademore*, now I live: as that great Sun revives this lower World, and makes all Nature rejoice in his Preſence; ſo you cheriſh and revive my Heart, all my Faculties riſe up in Raptures: A thouſand ſublime Thoughts ſpring up in my Soul. Is there any thing in my Kingdom can yield you Pleaſure?

Cad. Every thing here is pleasing to me. *Seringo*, let the King hear the musical Description of *Arsinoe*'s Dancing.

Ser. sings.

Brisk and Airy, tript with a Fairy *Air of Scorn,*
Sinking, rising, all surprizing Charms adorn.
Swift and Gay in every Part,
Flies away with every Heart:
Returns then back with cold Despair,
Which much reviv'd the drooping Fair;
Sighing, pining, dying, sighing,
Through fair Arsinoe's *killing Charms.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

Enter Urlandenny *and* Darony.

Daro. WHAT News, my Lord?

Urlan. All things are in readineſs according to your Deſire; *Darno* is raiſing an Army in the *North*, *Lemporhomock* is now landing in the *South* with 20000 Men, and when the Tidings reach the King's Ears, he'll extend his Army to the *North* and to the *South*; then, when his Forces have left the City, the 500 Men which I have hired, for what Purpoſe they know not, but exactly at two a-Clock in the Morning, each Man is to fire a Gun upon the Houſe-top; this repeated three times, will drive every wandering Soul home to his Body, and raiſe him from Sleep ſurprized.

Daro. That's true.

Urlan. You and I with a ſmall Body of Men will march through the City with a Shout, ſaying, The City is ſurrounded with Foreigners, Fire and Sword, Fire and Sword! riſe, riſe quickly, riſe to Arms.

Daro. That's good; then in a Moment's time we ſhall be at the Head of 100,000 Men.

Urlan. We'll plunder Miſers Houſes, diſtribute their Bags, hurling the Coin among them, like Hounds beſmear'd with the Blood of Prey, mount Reſolution upon the Heart, ride furiouſly, Whip and Spur, and with deep-mouth'd Tones, full Cry, and

and in that Vehemence of Spirit, they will devour a ſavage Lion. We'll prejudice them againſt the King, lead them to the Court, and take poſſeſſion of all.

Daro. So farewel, my Lord; remember two a-clock. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Sementory *and* Seringo.

Serin. *Sementory*, to thy Tire.

Sem. I'm weary with Dreſs, pall'd with Pleaſure, ſick of the Event of vain Hopes: Some ſay that Marriage is made in Heaven; but 'tis my Opinion, if all the Harlots were ſent to the Grand *Turk*, there would be more Weddings celebrated in Heaven than there are; I perceive the Fire of the Men is all out.

Serin. Very true, *Sementory.*

Sem. They gaze upon a Woman, as they do upon a Bill of Fare after Dinner.

Serin. The Simile is good.

Sem. Oh *Seringo!* where ſhall I find a vertuous Man, like ſuch a one that I have ſeen, chaſte, and full of Rapture? Rapture is the Egg of Love, hatched by a radiant Eye, that brings to Life a *Cupid* in his Breaſt. In thy Company he's taſteleſs of Food and Wine, he's reſtleſs, he's empty of Words, and full of Sighs, is in a ſhivering Ague chill'd; then in a moment rais'd by the high Fever of Love, is in extatick Raptures, his Opticks are like two Balls of Fire, and look as fierce as if he took Gunpowder-Snuff; could you love ſuch a one?

Seringo *ſings.*

How gay, how free, how merry is he!
How full of Charms to move!
His Soul is full of Love.

Enter

Enter Hurlothrumbo.

Sem. What, not a Word? ſure 'tis pain to ſpeak?

Hurlo. My Tongue is Thought's Midwife, and has been a goſſiping all Night with a very fine Lady, and is not able now to perform her Office.

Sem. The rich *Molotto* Lady, I preſume?

Hurlo. She is rich, do you not like her for that?

Sem. *But give me the Man that's like the Bee,*
That flies round and round the Field to ſee,
To taſte of every Herb, to chuſe the ſweet, to miſs the Sour,
He hovers and ſings, and ſucks the true Virtue from the Flower:
But the mean Soul like yours that courts for Money,
Is like the Waſp, will ſettle upon a Nettle for a little Honey.

[*Ex.* Sementory *and* Seringo.

Enter Theorbeo.

Hurlo. The King will inſtantly wait upon your Majeſty; but is now engaged in the Affairs of the Government.

Theo. After what Manner are you govern'd?

Hurlo. Spiritually and Temporally, King, Lords, Commons, Parſons, Clergymen and Divines.

Theo. What is a Parſon?

Hurlo. A Parſon is ——— I beg pardon, the King comes. [*Ex.* Hurlothrumbo.

Theo. *Adam* before *Eve* was made, longed for ſomething he knew not what; I long for ſomething more than *Eve*, I know not where.

Enter King.

King. Theorbeo, why meditate you thus? that Soul of thine that came from Heaven, longs to leave me, to ſoar aloft and travel home; grieve not thus for a Woman, I myſelf am tender, yet bold; I often weep in a fine Lady's Preſence, but in a moment can conquer that Paſſion, and venture my Life with a Lion; can lay my Hand under the Foot of an humble Beggar, or take a lofty Emperor by the Noſe.

Enter Hurlothrumbo.

King. Hurlothrumbo, what Tidings from the World?

Hurlo. Not any that will pleaſe your Majeſty: here are ſome poor Men petitioning you for Charity.

King. That will doubly pleaſe me; I relieve them as Men, and ſatisfy the Thirſt of Compaſſion, at the ſame time, my Soul's inveſted with ſacred Pride, to think I am highly honour'd, and entertain the Gods.

Hurlo. Here is alſo a poor Prince ſends to borrow Money.

King. That will alſo pleaſe me; I receive the Borrower with more Joy than him that comes to pay a Debt.

Enter Flame.

Flame. Beggars be gone, theſe Men ſell Land upon the blue Plains; ſee what a Figure they cut, who'll buy any? Oh you, I know you well, *(pointing to the King)* you are the moſt covetous Man in the Univerſe, you give what you have away to the Poor, that you may enjoy it all yourſelf; and when your time is to die, you'll not leave a Farthing

Farthing behind you to fling away. I return you Thanks for the Poſt of Honour you offered me; but does your Majeſty think a Soul like mine was born for Servitude? No; I'll ſooner be an *Alexander* in my own Park-Pale: He that lives in Pleaſure, runs up a Score, and he that is afflicted, is paying Debts; this is Spirit; what has Fleſh to do with that? A Coquet is a Whore in the Soul, a Harlot for the Devil. I am a Man amazed in Love, Nature is hot and too much fuddled with Fire; in the out-raging Jealouſies of my Soul, I rent my Brain, and when my Rival was with her, I ran diſtracted to her Cheeks, I kiſs'd, I curs'd, I bleſs'd, I wept, an Earthquake in my Breaſt, Thunder and Lightning in my Head, that ſtorm'd down Tempeſt, and burſt my Heart. Oh what is Woman! I am ſadly in Love, I am not well; I do kill me, O pity a Lover. [*Ex.* Flame.

King. *Hurlothrumbo*, what is thy Opinion of this Man? my prophetick Soul loves him.

Hurlo. I adviſe him to ſtarve himſelf, from a Horſe to a Man; for if he dies at this time, he'll be metamorphos'd into a wild *Elyſian* Colt.

He'll cock his Tail, he'll praunce and ſtare,
Will gallop, ſnort, and ſnuff the Air;
And all his Thoughts will be of ——

King. Pray tell me how does Love affect thee?

Hurlo. When I ſee a Lady with a full Cheſt, flat Back, falling Shoulders, a long Neck, and a languiſhing Air, every Pulſe beats up a March vehemently towards her; I touch, I muſe, I am in a Trance, a pleaſing Stupidity, Aſtunment, my Faculties are on fire, a Smoak riſes in the Eyes of the Mind, Reaſon is deaf, the Intellect blind, my Nerves creep, I ſhiver; charm'd in Terror, the Body trembles in the Bargain of buying Raptures with the Soul.

King. 'Tis not Love, it's Temptation.

Hurlo. 'Tis a Deſcription of a Combat, in which all Men are conquer'd.

King. Not ſo, *Hurlo*, I will ſpeak for myſelf: Ambition high roſe up in the Mind, to fight with Vertue, in the beauteous Fair; and ſhe a ſuperlative *Venus* of the World; I was Fire, and Faculties keen; ſhe was Love with languiſhing Retreat, but when ſhe ſurrendred all to my Will; I ſtruck not the Vanquiſh'd, but conquer'd myſelf.

Hurlo. 'Twas a nobble Retreat, your Majeſty bravely run away.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The Lord *Dologodelmo* waits without to ſpeak to your Majeſty.

[*Ex.* Theorbeo, Hurlo, *and* Servant.

King. I am at leiſure—From whence this Diſtreſs in my Breaſt of late, reſtleſs Nights, horrid Viſions, affluſter'd Spirits fly around my Heart; my prophetick Soul, like *Argus*, diſcerns Deſtruction approaching.

Enter Dologo.

Dolo. If it be a Crime to bear ill Tidings, your Majeſty's Goodneſs will oblige you to pardon.

King. Speak, ſpeak *Godelmo*, thou art my Friend.

Dolo. Lord *Darno* has ſold his Effects at home, and is now raiſing an Army in the Northern Parts of your Majeſty's Dominions; *Darony* and *Urlandenny* are ſet out for the South, with the ſame Deſign.

King. Go, *Dolo.* and bring *Theorbeo* hither to me. [*Ex.* Dolo.] Oh, who ſhall deliver me from the Contagions of Mortals! that I had been born in humbler State: Ye rural Shepherds, ye Companions of Angels,

Angels, I envy you: that I could be like to you, my Ambition only to reach the Top of a Mountain, to lean upon my Staff, there to admire the beautiful Œconomy of the Universe, liſten to the Linnets, Larks, and Nightingales, that warble forth their Praiſe on high; to the Sun they offer up their Joy: theſe would teach me to be grateful. Of my Lambs that innocently ſport all round me; of them I will learn Humility, and deſpiſe your Arrogance: my Dog, that ſcouts upon the Plain, I'll compare him with you, and bluſh for you: he loves more, and is conſtant, a fervent Friend, will fight till Death for his Maſter, riſes not up againſt him when he ſmites him: he's grateful, he flatters not, and to your ſhame, has more Compaſſion; for with his Tongue he'll heal the Wound of the Oppreſſed. Ye Rationals, learn of Brutes; they teach me to abhor Mankind. [*Ex.*

Enter Theorbeo *and* Dologodelmo.

King. Theorbeo, you ſay your Deſire is to exert yourſelf in the War, I had much rather you'd ſtay; what ſay you?

Theo. 'Tis my Deſire, that my Spirits may rouze and ſhake off theſe heavy Elements; the ſhining of my Soul is over-whelm'd with Clouds, I long to diſcharge this heavy Hail-ſtorm upon the Heads of all your Adverſaries.

King. Godelmo, is there any Danger?

Dolo. There is not; when the Enemy hear the King's Trumpet ſound, it will be as when the Lion roareth in the Foreſt, every Monſter's Heart will tremble, and in a moment fly to their Dens for ſhelter.

King. See that Draughts are made out of my Troops, 20,000 of the moſt proper Men. This moment I'll review my Army. [*Ex.* King *and* Theor.

Enter Hurlothrumbo, *out of Breath.*

Dolo. What's the matter now, my Lord, you seem to be out of Breath?

Hurlo. Out of Breath! I may well be out of Breath, the Wind may well riſe, the Conjurers are all at work, I have a Tempeſt in my Belly.

Dolo. Pray let the Storms ceaſe, and let me hear the Cauſe.

Enter King.

Hurlo. Cauſe! Cauſe enough; one *Lomperhomock*, a *Dutch* Officer, is juſt landed with 200,000 Men.

King. Go this moment, and get my Troops in readineſs, and I'll give them the meeting myſelf.

[*Ex.* Hurlo. *and* Dolo.

I am rais'd above the common Height of Man, lifted up to the rattling Climes of Diſcord, where *Dologodelmo* and *Hurlothrumbo* rumble along the Sky, and ſay the Elements begin to crack; but as the Lightning flies before the Thunder-clap, ſo ſhall *Darony* fly before me, or Death ſhall ſwallow me up.

But yet, ſhall I in this tempeſtuous Seaſon,
In furious headlong bid farewel to Reaſon?
No; in Storms all Fools are hurrican'd in Mind,
But Wiſdom gently moves upon the ſwifteſt Wind.

To fight, and in the heat of Blood, in an Agony, drop into Eternity, and carry the Fire with me. O! let me not pauſe, let me not think, for if I think, Divinity will make me like a Lamb, and then perſuade me to be a Coward; no, I'll go and recommend

My Cademore's *Charms to happy Fate that ſent her,*
Then fly to War's Alarms, and both my Lives will venture.

[*Ex.* King.

Enter

Enter Sementory *and* Seringo.

Serin. I am all at War within.

Sem. So much in Love with two Men! alas the Combat will do you no harm; you admire *Darony* for his Honour, and *Hurlothrumbo*'s Bravery.

Serin. Oh adviſe me.

Sem. Of all Happineſs, that is the moſt ſweet that is the neareſt to us; Riches lie in the Purſe, Love in the Heart: never marry for Honour, or Title; Fame is always at a diſtance; the Man I love is near. What is Fame? a Word; that Word is Wind, the humming of a Bee: but when I ſleep by the Man I love, no Wind can come to me.

Enter Flame.

Sem. So, my Lord, your Aid is required at the Wars.

Flame ſings.

I'll fly from the War,
Love and War always jar;
There is no Calm in Love and War.
Let my Seringo *live with me,*
Then farewel Honour, farewel Care.

[*Ex.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Hurlothrumbo *and* Dologodelmo.

Dolo. HUrlothrumbo, are you ready to mount?

Hurlo. 'Tis confounded dark, muſt we not ſtay for the King?

Dolo. No; The Princeſs *Cademore* will not hear of his going to the Wars; at the Sound of the Word, ſhe faints, ſinks, and dies away. [*Ex.* Dolo.

Enter Servant *with a Letter, delivers it, and Exit.*

[Hurlo. *reads it.*

Hurlo. Oh 'tis from *Darony! Make me the next Man to the Crown, if I deſert the King;* how can I do that? Why did he not aſk me to murder my deareſt Friend, curſe the Deity, or debauch a Man's Wife, and ſeparate their Souls eternal? *It will preſerve a great deal of Blood,* that's true. *So long as* Theorbeo *ſtays, thy Honour wears like a Garment:* may be ſo; I'll conſider of this.

[*Ex.* Hurlo.

Enter Darony *and* Urlandenny.

[*Guns fire at a diſtance.*

Daro. They're punctual to the time.

Urlan. True, my Lord.

Daro. This is the Place we'll fix our Standard; now the Guns are diſcharg'd, the Men from every

end of the City with a Shout will come to this Place, and ſtir not you an Inch till *Lomperhomock* enters the City. Who comes there?

Enter Temo.

Temo. A Friend and Servant of thine.

Urlan. What is thy Name, and thy Buſineſs here in the Dead of Night?

Temo. My Name is *Temo*; as to my Buſineſs, 'tis ſecret.

Urlan. You are the famous Inchanter; can you tell us what Adventures will happen, the cauſe of the Guns firing thus early?

Temo. 'Tis the firſt Volly of a mighty War; this Morning exactly at Two the Battle will be rehears'd firſt in the *Elyſian* Fields.

Urlan. Is it not poſſible for me to ſee it?

Temo. 'Tis poſſible.

Urlan. Accept of this Purſe of Guineas; let me ſee, the time is now expired.

[Temo *ſtamps, a Spirit riſes up, and gives him a Taliſman.*

Temo. You ſhall, my Lord; hold this firm to your right Eye: tell me what you ſee.

Urlan. I ſee the *Elyſian* World, 'tis light as Noon of Day, and all us Mortals act in yonder Climes: I ſee myſelf, I ſee *Hurlothrumbo*; *Hurlo* kiſſes a Laſs; the Spirits ſmile; I ſtir my Hand, it moves yonder. *Mars* ſtands in the Element, and beholds the People; they divide, and make two ſeparate Armies; Death ſtalks among the Croud, marking his own Appointed. Oh! he makes toward me! oh! he'll touch me; take it, I'll ſee no more.

[*A Shout behind the Scenes, Fire and Sword, Fire and Sword! riſe quickly.*

Daro.

Daro. This is *Puny*'s Houſe, the Miſer, break it open.

Urlan. Forbear, forbear, he'll riſe and open the Door; fall back, he comes.

Daro. I'll go head the Mob, break open the King's Treaſury, and ſatisfy their Thirſt with Gold; then will I take poſſeſſion of his Perſon, and his Crown. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Puny.

Puny. Oh bleſs me! Fire and Sword! I ſhall not live three Minutes! if my trembling Limbs permit me, I'll kneel, I'll pray Heaven preſerve my poor Soul; theſe Villains will come in a moment, and take every Penny of my Money; I deſire I may be forgiven all my Sins. Theſe Rogues are coming, they'll rob me, take my Plate, and break my Windows: O ſweet Heaven forgive me all my ill-dreamt viſionary Lewdneſs! If they come, I ſhall never purchaſe *Kemp*'s Eſtate, and buy a Coat of Arms, and a Patent for my Son.

Enter Urlandenny *and* Temo.

Urlan. So old *Gaddecar*, you're at Prayers, cry aloud, thy Deity is deaf, with your ſquinting Soul that kens both Earth and Heaven; fling your Bags into the Elements, then will you look ſtraight upright: Be gone, what haſt thou to do in this World? What doſt thou mean?

Puny. I mean to be the Root of a Family.

Urlan. If the Root be Avarice, what will the Body, Branches, Leaves and Fruit be? Twenty Generations muſt paſs away, before thy Seed can be refined ſo far, as to produce a Gentleman.

Puny.

Puny. Is not Gold a Gentleman, a Perſon of Quality? What makes a Gentleman?

Urlan. Education, Honour and Generoſity; add to a fine Gentleman Love, Reſolution, Taſte; a Perſon of Quality has all theſe Perfections, and is diſcerning, with a ſublime Thirſt in the Soul; a longing to reward Merit; fervent to ſerve the meaneſt, and punctual to his Word; his Blood is double and treble refin'd; he's full of Heaven; a Sunfire; a Light that quenches all the Flame of Nature; he lets himſelf down to converſe with great Men and Angels, that are in Intellect but three Inches high.

Puny. Cannot a new-born Gentleman have all theſe Perfections?

Urlan. No, your Upſtarts are huge, and tall, converſe with a Prince of the Air, and their Noſtrils are full of the Devil. [*Ex.* Pun. *and* Tem.

Drums beat. Enter Darony.

Dar. Now, my dear Friend, all is ſecured, the King is in Chains.

Urlan. What Drums are theſe?

Dar. Lomperhomock, the *Dutch* General.

Enter Lomperhomock.

My Lord *Lomperhomock,* you're welcome to Court.

Lom. I wiſh you much Happineſs of your Crown, when it is ſecured.

Dar. I hope there is no Danger.

Lom. 'Tis my earneſt Deſire that you will inſtantly execute the King; for while he's living, all his Friends will rouſe up like Lions, but when they hear he's dead, 'twill greatly oppreſs their Souls.

Dar. He ſhall inſtantly be executed.

Lom. Then I'll march in Pleaſure, and meet his Army. [*Ex.* Urland. Dar. *and* Lom.

The Scene changes to the King in Priſon.

King. I would ask Relief of Heaven, though 'tis in vain, when all the eternal Infernals are turn'd out looſe upon me, to pour out their flaming Cataracts of mighty, limited Revenge.

Enter Lomperhomock.

Lomp. Pardon me, oh King, I am come to inform you, at Six a Clock this Morning is your appointed Time to die. [*Ex.*

King. Let them ſtrike me, let theſe Clouds paſs away; let them break the Sky within me, that I may truly ſee, enter Orbs like the Sun; ſee Spirits, Angels, and the radiant Fields: but what is that to a Man in Love, a Man whoſe Heaven's here? Oh my *Cademore*, who can bear the Pangs of parting! ſince we muſt part, 'tis Death to live.

Enter Cademore.

King. O Executioner art thou come, to bring to me a Taſte of Torment, a Rack of Nature, like Heaven's Vengeance, to afflict my Soul? Still thou art my Friend, and ſomething more than Woman; my Proſpect-Glaſs to Paradiſe; thou Emblem of Eternity; oh how great's my Thought of Heaven, whilſt my Eyes are fix'd on thee! For if the way to live with you, lay through the Shades of Miſery, to lodge in tremendous Caves of Darkneſs, one ſingle Thought of thee would fill Obſcurity full of Light, and make it like a Palace adorn'd with Diamonds: but now, oh now, what is my Hope,

a

a Man is never deſtitute of Hope; but my dear Expectation, my Spring of Life, is now become the Sting of Death: for every thought of thee ſhoots through my Heart; and at a Sight of thee, oh ye Goddeſs! that I could love thee leſs, and Heaven more!

Cad. I am ſorry I increaſe your Grief, I come in hopes to mitigate your Pain; for every Sigh that proceeds from you, purſues me, and ecchoes in my Breaſt.

King. That I believe, it muſt be ſo; 'tis ſo in Love, 'tis ſo in Muſick, 'tis ſo in Souls; the fine in Raptures ſympathize with cœleſtial Joys, revived by all their Uniſons in Heaven: but to free thee from Pain, I'll think no more of Life below, but fly to nobler Thoughts, and purſue my Hopes in happier Climes.

Cad. Ceaſe not to vent your Grief for my Relief, 'tis my Delight to ſhare with you in Suffering; but rather wiſh that all may be fixed on me, that I may take them to ſome gentle Stream, and then to lay me down to ſtifle all in Waves; and there, oh there, let my Spirit expire.

King. Nay, no more of that, if thou be my Friend, hate me, be lewd, be infamous, that I may baniſh thee; oh let me baniſh thee from every Glance of Thought, that I may take my Sleep, my laſting Sleep in Peace.

Cad. Name not that to me.

King. Name not what?

Cad. Your Death, my Lord.

King. 'Tis Death to reſign up thee, to yield thee into others Arms; oh my *Cademore*, be a Virgin ſtill, for if you marry, you part from me, and make me jealous in Eternity.

Cad. Let no Thought of that ariſe, the Pangs of your Death will always ſmart in me, keep me from all and every Thought of Man.

King. The Pangs of my Death ſmart in thee, there is no Pain in Death, the Sound of your Words is Muſick to my Soul, and makes the ever-living Youth rejoice, and leap for Joy, being ripe for birth, deſires to go to Life: but this Body, this timorous Mother Earth; alas ſhe ſhivers, and dreads the Hour of her Travail, but when that Midwife Death in Life ſhall give me Birth, Oh! may it be in that Kingdom where thou in long Eternity ſhall ſhine; and if my Happineſs be no more than what I conceive in thee, and that to laſt for ever, then let the World ſay I am nothing, I am diſhonourable, the Crown of my Head is dropp'd from the Kingdom of my Body, ſo that I may ſay I live with thee, but when we part.

Cade. Oh my Soul!

King. Oh Heaven!

Cade. Oh Angels!

King. Burſt Heart, and let me fall.

Cade. Oh Death! quickly to my Aid.

King. Oh my *Cademore*, live!

Cade. If it muſt be ſo, come viſit me after Death.

King. Oh how can I promiſe that? If this great Sun ſhould refuſe his Heaven, and ſlide from Orb to Orb, leave the Elements, proſtrate himſelf on the Earth, fall a Victim at thy Feet, it would only ſerve to ſurprize and fire thy Heart; blind thy mortal Eyes; and leſt the Garment of the Intellect be thus Incomparable and Glorious, make me not promiſe, for if I promiſe, 'twill make me uneaſy in Heaven, 'till I perform my Word; but if I can entreat to be thy Guardian Saint, then I'll attend thee all the Day, hover and ſettle upon thy Pillow all the Night, where I'll converſe with thee in Viſions, and when thy Time is fully done, I'll wait and watch the cloſing of thine Eyes, and then will I catch away thy Soul in a Divine Tranſport; with

Cœleſtial Wings we'll ſoar to the Lofty Mountains in the Clouds, when they ſhall diſſolve like a Bed of Down; our inward Hearts ſhall kiſs each other in Love, in Extaſy, and then we'll fly away together from all Adverſity.

[Cademore *faints, and is carried off the Stage.*

Oh my Soul ſtealeth from me,
Clippeth and hangeth upon thee. [*King lies down.*

Enter Theorbeo. *The King riſes.*

King. Oh *Theorbeo*, I perceive there is an End of Hope; it was my fear they would conquer thee, and bring thee to this Place of Adverſity.

Theor. It is not ſo, my Lord, I have left your Troops in truſty Hands, and am come here, that you may make your Eſcape in my Habit; and by that Time you have reach'd to the Army, I being a Stranger, will paſs the Centry again, and come to your Majeſty.

King. 'Tis an inſpired thought, we'll put it in Execution.

[*The King dreſſes himſelf in* Theorbeo's *Clothes.*

Oh *Theorbeo*, grieve not, every Sigh of thine, will make my Heart to weep Drops of Blood; conſider a ſmall Affliction by chance may happen; but theſe great Calamities muſt proceed from ſomething Great; and if ſo, it is Philoſophy to rejoice.

Theor. But Nature conquers Philoſophy, and is a Match for Divinity: I am ſometimes at wars with my Will, whether to fly to Sin for Refuge, or to Heaven for Relief.

King. My Lord I'll haſte away, and in one Hour expect to ſee you again.

Theor. When I think you're ſafe, I'll follow.

[*Ex. King.*

Enter

Enter Dologodelmo *guarded.*

O *Godelmo*, what brings thee to this Place of Misery? Speak quickly, though I dread to hear.

Dolo. May all the Ills that are preparing in the Elements, be dash'd on the Head of *Hurlothrumbo*, that I might die, and my Soul join with his Adversary; I'd fly swiftly with the Ball, and direct it to his inward Heart.

Theor. Curse him not; has he deserted you?

Dolo. We no sooner entered the Field, but he joined the Adversary; may Heaven pour down upon him the bitter Blessing, the Honey Curse, the gilded Pill, that satisfies Desire, and infects the Mind; give him Riches, and make him love them; then will he be abhorred of Men, the Spirits, the Angels, and the Gods: may a proud Sign appear in his Face, that he may be a Tavern for Devils to riot and banquet in; let him pamper Nature, feed high, to destroy his Taste; so blind all the Beauties of the Mind; then will his hungry Pleasure devour up all the eternal Treasure of his Soul.

Theor. Godelmo, let thy Passion cease.

Dolo. O pardon me, I must be alone, and burst my Heart with sighing. [*Ex.* Dolo.

Theor. O that Heaven would erect an Altar where Man might sacrifice himself an Offering; then surely the Blood of great Men would dye the Spring, the Rivers, and the Seas. O my Soul is full of Calamity, and my Heart is sore with Sorrow.

Enter Flame.

Fla. Just now my Rival is with her; I tremble thus in the solemn Gloom, the Noon of Night; my wakeful Soul can find no rest, but from a jealous Dream

Dream I ſtart, I riſe amazed, in the Face of the Elements, bow, ſigh, and think of Sorrow; I wonder what the Moon thinks of me. Oh when, oh when, ſhall Time and Sorrow ceaſe! Surely *Cupid*'s Dart is the Sting of Death; oh dear Death, oh how I could hug thee. What Sign is it when a Man's Heart is broken?

Theor. That he is in love.

Fla. Come, do, let you and I weep together, and pour out all the ſour Anguiſh of our Souls: Women are cruel Creatures; tho' I could kiſs her a thouſand thouſand times; oh ye inconſtant Wretch, yet I will preſs my Cheek to thine, weep, ſigh, and part Eternal; Oh!

Flame *ſings.*

Oh you deareſt Creature,
Heaven is ſeen in every Feature.
Is there no ſuch thing, as learning Charms to move?
No, no, no, 'tis Gold and Honour makes the Fair to love:
Angel, 'tis in vain, if you come like a Swain,
With all your Arts and Sweets to pleaſe from Jove.

ACT IV.

Enter Bellman, *and Sings.*

GOod Morn, good Morn, my Masters all good Morn!
Whilst I poor Mortal wander here below,
You what's most pleasing know,
No Charm's so deep, how charming, how sweet
It is to fall within the fair Enchantress' Arms asleep;
But if I chance to wake you with my Bell,
Be sure you let my Mistress know you're well;
And if you please her, as you ought to do,
She'il thank you, Master, and the Bellman too. [Ex.

Enter Sementory *and* Seringo.

Sem. I have had no Rest this Night, my flustrated Spirits, my troubled Soul rais'd me from my Couch to my Terrass, where I beheld all Nature in Confusion, the City in Uproar, the Brave in Distress; Spears of Fire, fighting in the Elements; the King's Solitaries scrambling up the lofty Hills, by the Light of the Moon; they prostrated themselves on the Ground, and invoke Heaven for good towards their Master.

Ser. I laid me down, and could not rest, I am uneasy for want of Sleep.

Sem. Who can sleep when a Lover's false! This Morning *Cademore* intreated for the Life of the King;

King; and as ſhe kneel'd before *Darony*, her Sighs, her Tears, her Beauty has made him paſſionately in Love with her; yet chear up thy ſelf, and ſtill have hopes; when a Woman has a mind to gain a Man, ſhe may ſtudy his Conſtitution, and what he likes.

Ser. Oh *Sementory*, I have had cruel Dreams.

Enter Hurlothrumbo.

Hurlo. Ladies, what are you upon now?

Sem. Dreams, my Lord.

Hurlo. Can you interpret, Madam?

Sem. You're ſure of my beſt Endeavours, my Lord.

Hurlo. As I was alone in my Chair, I ſlumber'd, I thought myſelf mounted before a beautiful Wife upon the ſolemn Deſarts of *Arabia*, where a dark, black Cloud overwhelm'd the Deſart; a ſtormy, tempeſtuous Wind aroſe, and ripped up ragged Rocks, then drove them furiouſly over the Plain, like tremendous Bullets of Thunder; and all the dreadful Engines of eternal Miſery roſe up in Arms; I was in a Moment ſurrounded with wild Monſters, fighting with one another which ſhould devour me firſt; my Horſe tired, my Wife fell in Labour, the Element opened her fiery Mouth, and poured out Cataracts of Lightning and Hail; all the Pile of Building in the other World was tumbling down upon my Head, and how I came into my Body, I know not.

Sem. You're happy you had a Body to ſhelter you: this prognoſticates you'll endure great Calamity, and at laſt loſe your Miſtreſs.

Hurlo. This is my Miſtreſs; *Darony*, my Rival, is dead in Love to thee; ſince he's cruel and inconſtant, pour out thy Grief in merry Sounds; you muſt part.

Ser. *Part, and never meet no more:*
How can I bear to ſee that gloomy Day,
No, no, no, no, I'll be a Soul, and fly away;
In merry Sounds, I will pour out my Pain,
And never think of Man again.

[*Ex.* Sem. *and* Ser.

Enter Primo.

Hurlo. Honeſt Solitary, what brings thee to Court to-day?

Primo. I am come in hopes to ſee our Lord and Maſter *Darony.*

Hurlo. He will be here inſtantly, and deſires you will be Counſel to him, as you was to *Soaretbereal.*

Primo. When he is King, I will be his Subject; till then, I am fervently ſo to my Sovereign.

Enter Darony.

Hurlo. Much Joy to your Majeſty; I perceive Heaven's Frowns are departed from your Dominions: what an Alteration in the Elements! and all Nature ſeems to rejoice; *Phœbus* till now hath ceas'd to ſhine upon the foggy Globe for many Weeks.

Dar. This Morning I perceiv'd the bright Angel in the Sun, that waters and warms this lower World, drive away ſwiftly the Clouds from his Preſence; he open'd high the Caſement of Heaven, and ſweetly ſmiled upon me.

Hurlo. Primo, what thinkeſt thou of that?

Primo. When I gaze upon the Sun, I ſink into myſelf, full of Humility; I alſo learn Lowlineſs of the Moon: when ſhe looks over the Brow, and begins to riſe, ſhe's huge and dull; ſhe ſwells like an outſtretch'd Hero; but as ſhe climbs, ſhe clears, ſhe ſoars aloft diminutive, that ſhe may ſhine among the Stars.

Hurlo. Mr. Humility, your humble Servant.

Primo. Every one that petitions muſt be humble, or elſe his Petition will not be granted.

Dar. Art thou a Petitioner?

Primo. In the Name of *Soarethereal* I am, who fervently deſires the Life of *Theorbeo.*

Dar. He ſhall not periſh by the Hands of Man; but I have ſworn a mighty Thirſt of Revenge; he ſhall take his Chance in the Room of burning Glaſs: be thou humble ſtill, and petition Heaven; cry aloud in vocal Perſpiration of thy Soul; thy Words, like Thunder, ſound in the Elements, and alarm the Angels on high; then if thou haſt Power above, let *Phœbus* ceaſe to ſhine, or *Theorbeo* ceaſe to live.

Primo. Then he muſt not live.

Dar. No, he ſhall not live.

Primo. Oh! how Men condemn themſelves!

[*Exit* Primo.

Dar. Compaſſion is a Weakneſs in Man, it may become a Woman; not but I feel the Failing in myſelf, tho' I conquer it and keep it under, leſt it ſhould appear to the World.

Hurlo. That's true, my Lord.

Dar. I am inform'd *Soarethereal* is in a Wood with 20000 Men, and deſigns to conquer there or die; and I myſelf will be there preſent at the Slaughter.

Hurlo. There is no danger of him, my Lord; he is ſurrounded with 60000 Men, and was he a Graſhopper, he could not eſcape your Armour.

Dar. Then I'm at peace within; yet *Cademore* ſtill runs in my Mind: let us haſte to her Apartment, and if ſhe will not conſent to marry, I'll force her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Priſon.*

Enter Theorbeo, *and* Dologodelmo *looking on his Watch.*

Theor. Our Time is almoſt expired.

Dolo. I think this Finger is like the Dart of Death, upon the Figure of Twelve ſits my Life; oh how it ſteals to ſting!

Theor. Thoſe are melancholly Thoughts, think not of Death, but of Life, or of any Thing that will divert thee moſt.

Dolo. When I think my King is in Miſery, and *Darony* upon his Throne; when the Noble ſuffer, and Miſcreants are bleſt, then my Faculties within me rejoice; there is a ſecret Thought in that, which revives my very Soul.

Theor. A ſmall Offence unthrones the Noble, but infamous Actions raiſe a Tyrant.

Enter Guards and Executioner.

Theor. After what manner muſt we ſuffer?

Dolo. In the Room of burning Glaſs.

Theor. Then what means this Executioner?

Dolo. If the Sun deſtroys us not, as he rides along the Meridian Courſe, by this Man we muſt be ſlaughtered.

Offic. My Lord, your Time's expired; Guards attend here.

Enter Flame.

Fla. But hold, I'm come to give you a Deſcription of your happy Flight to the *Elyſian:* Your Neck's no ſooner laid to the Block, but the Stroke's given; immediately your Soul begins a March through

through all the Elements: in the Body firſt, you're confin'd five Minutes in the Regions of Fire, amazed, amidſt the verdant green Climes of Water and Air; you paſs then heavily through the ſolemn Gloom of Earth; you go, you faint, the Soul bows, farewell to Nature; you fall into a dark, black Slumber, a Trance; and when the Spirit touches you upon the Elbow, you wake ſurpriz'd in a World of Light; there you ſee *Shakeſpear*, *Milton*, *Homer*, ſprightly, alert, alive, flying ſwiftly through the radiant Climes to viſit the Wits of every Generation; the Rich, Poor, the Merry, Mournful; the pamper'd, hungry Souls are there. Alas, the Scene is chang'd, you'll not pity them; Queen *Eliz.* is in her Hut, ſelling of fry'd Fritters; *Pompey* and *Alexander* carry Charcoal to feed her Fires; the Great Mogul, the Czar, the grim Baſhaw, the Emperor, the Grand Turk and *Cæſar*, are ſcrambling for the Drops of the Pan, and as they are wont, are ſcuffling for Trifles, till it raiſes their inextinguiſhable Rage to Loggerheads; cutting, ſlaſhing, carbonading *Nero*'s Buttocks; nay, they're all fighting in Blood up to the Ears, and there is the Devil to do amongſt them. [*Ex.* Flame.

Theo. Dologodelmo farewell.

Dolo. Our Time is come to part.

Theo. Farewell, my Lord farewell, this World is all Departure; Oh that I could appoint a Place to meet thee after Death; yet through the ranging of my Soul at Liberty, I'll ſurely ken thee afar; methinks I ſee thee ſhine upon the brighteſt Mountain in the higheſt Orb, ſtretching forth thy ſelf, and pluming thy immortal Wings, preparing to take thy ever everlaſting and eternal Flight; and when we meet to part no more, may all our Song be Love, in divine Tranquillity.

Dolo. This lofty, ſublime Speculation, proceeds from your own Virtue, not from my Merit; for if the Work of this Life, makes a Garment for the Soul,

Soul, mine will be ſtain'd with Avarice, Debauchery and Revenge; you are Innocent: O Innocence! thou only Traveller to Heaven, farewell for ever. [*Ex.*

SCENE, *a Wood.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter King.

King. What a Smell of Sulphur is here? Was ever Day like this? ſurely all the Infernals are riſing up in Arms, in Thunder, Lightning, and Hail; the Air's in a Flame; I think myſelf in the Sun, expecting every moment to be diſſolv'd, and Conſcience ſmiles. [*Ex.* King.

A Genius *deſcends in a Cloud, and* Death *enters upon a pale-dun Horſe.*

Death. Thou Genius of the King, confront me not.

Genius. O Death, thou long-liv'd Mortal, ſay for what art thou come thus proudly aloft, and hieroglyphick mounted?

Death. To Wars, Victory, Revenge, with Stings from *Lucifer* my imperial Grandfather; I drive my Parent Man from Nature, I'll die, be born again, and purſue him in Eternity.

Genius. Thus when Man commits a Crime, he creates a Fiend to fight againſt him: remember thou Toad of Hell, all the Elements that compound the Nature of Mortals, are now conſpiring againſt thee.

Death. Diſcord horrid!

Genius. Thou Off-ſpring of Sin, that is, of that Nature that will draw upon it all the eternal Vengeance of Heaven!

Death. Thou mak'ſt me tremble.

Genius.

Genius. Tremble thou, when yon marble Sky ſhall rent, flaſhing ſwift as the Lightning glimpſe away; when crimſon Elements appear, and Fury rides on flaming Winds, and ſpreads himſelf abroad, deep in the Bowels of this Globe ſhall wake, nay twice ten thouſand Thunders, renting the rocky Mountains, and hurling Kingdoms to the Sky; Cataracts of Fire, and purple Storms ſhall rage, and hurricane thy infernal Soul.

Death. Diſcord horrid! [*Ex.* Death.

Enter King.

King. Man, what is thy Buſineſs here to interrupt my Solitude?

Genius, I follow the Oppreſs'd, where I often find Relief.

King. What is thy Name?

Genius; My Name is ſecret; I was Tutor to a young Man, and when I corrected him to cure Pride, he reſiſted and roſe up againſt me, and for that reaſon I have left him for a Seaſon.

King. And will Calamity cure Pride?

Genius. Behold yon pamper'd high-fed Colt, unoppreſs'd, at eaſe, unbroke, he leap'd his Mounds, and ſported all abroad; he ſaw a Lamb, a Nightingale, a Dove; he ſtarted, ſnorted, and bridled with Diſdain, with twiſted Neck and cocking Tail, with bended Knee he bounds away, diſdaining all he ſees; but now his Back is ſtain'd with Saddle-marks, his Mouth is gaul'd with Bridle-bit; and he that deſpis'd the Lamb, the Dove, the Nightingale before, now is tam'd, and feeding with a Gooſe and Boar.

King. Alas! I pity thee; here is all the Money I have, and this Ring; 'twas given me by one I moſt admire.

Genius. But why do you give me all?

King.

King. I am diſtreſs'd myſelf, and deſign to aſk Relief of Heaven.

Genius. I will ſpeak of thy Generoſity, and force my Words to the higheſt Heaven; Angels will love and long for thy coming on high; rapp'd with thy Fame will wing away, warbling as the Swift, to meet thee in thy flight. [*Ex.* Genius.

King. From whence this inward Joy, as if the Muſick of the Spheres, and heavenly Song, penetrate the Sky, and eccho in my Soul!

Enter Officer.

Offic. I am inform'd from the City, that *Darony* has taken poſſeſſion of all, and is now crown'd, and the People greatly rejoice: *Lomperhomock* and *Hurlothrumbo* are come down with an Army of 60000 Men, and threaten in a moment to deſtroy you and your Troops. [*Ex.* Officer.

King. The exceſſive Storm blows up the Fire of my Soul, and makes me long to fight; every String of my Heart is firm, is ſtony as the Lion's Nerve; it riſes in my Breaſt, it leaps, it yearns; Oh great is my Deſire! I am all a-thirſt, not for the Blood of my Adverſaries, but for the Freedom of my Friends.

Enter Officer.

Offic. Theorbeo is at the Place of Execution; he deſires to be interr'd under his Statue in the Grove, that if you ever come to your Kingdom, you may ſometimes walk and think of him. [*Ex.* Officer.

King. Oh when ſhall this dramatick World be done! but yet with me indeed it is. Oh when ſhall the End of all Things come! When ſhall the Muſick of the Spheres break out! like Trumpets ſound Alarms, and Thunder in Baſes roar?

Oh

Oh when ſhall the glittering Crouds of Angels tread the Stages of the Sky, to ſing the Chorus at the end of Time! Sing, oh chant with Sounds to metamorphoſe Man; and make me, oh make me any thing but what I am!

Enter Officer.

King. Why do you pauſe?

Offic. I fear to ſpeak.

King. Speak, for I dread not to hear; this moment I will fight and die with my Army.

Offic. The Princeſs *Cademore* is now forc'd in Marriage to *Darony*. [*Ex.* Officer.

King. O there is the Sting! Have I loſt, for ever loſt, every thing that's dear to me in Life, my Crown, my Miſtreſs, and my Friends? Riſe up now, thou Strength of Reaſon, and pull down the Paſſion of my Soul; oh let the Curtain of the Clouds be lifted up, the Scenes, the Elements depart aſunder; and may ſome piercing penetrating Eye in tender Pity gaze upon me!

Enter Officer.

Offic. The Enemies aſſault us in our Trenches, we muſt either fight or die, and only wait for your Majeſty's Commands.

King. Depart, I'll inſtantly be with you. [*Ex.* Officer.] Yet hold, 20000 to engage with 60000, there muſt be great Courage or Contrivance, tho' I have known brave Men naked have beaten Cowards in Armour; I have alſo heard of the *Grecian* Contrivance, their Horſe: I ſcorn to overcome by Stratagem, no, I'll raiſe up the Spirit of my Army; I'll give them to drink Brandy mixt with Gun-powder; and in the Anguiſh and Bitterneſs of my Soul, I'll flaſh it through the Veins, and mingle it in the Blood

of every Man, that they altogether may be one in the Image of a Dragon.

With fiery Heart and flaming Eyes,
To every part the Sulphur flies;
The Wings extend, the thorny Points diſplay,
The Sting from Mouth aſcends, and ſhouts for happy Day:
The Heart, the Eyes, the Sting, the Feet, the furious Claws,
Mount all upon the Wing, and fly amidſt the Foes;
Then Lightning from the Noſtrils flies,
Swift Thunder-bolts from Anus, and the Mouth will break,
With Sounds to pierce the Skies, and make the Earth to quake:
And if one part ſhou'd chance to fail,
I'll prick him on with ſpeary Tail.

SCENE, *Cademore's* Apartment.

Enter Cademore *and* Seringo.

Cad. See who comes here?
Serin. 'Tis the Lord *Flame.*

Enter Flame.

Fla. My Soul is outrageous in purſuit of my Rivals, and mounts my Body upon the Wing; flies through the Woods, rips up the lofty Oaks, ſplits the Rocks, ploughs up the Seas. Oh this ſcandalizing World! diſgrace the noble *Oliver*, and ſay, that he is Gunpowder-maker to the Devil; and that *Luciſer* reads the Scriptures, that he may plead againſt Mortals. See, ſee thoſe two Glow-worms how they glitter; theſe are *Cleopatra's* radiant Eyes, juſt ſcrall'd up from her Body, ambitious

bitious to vie againſt the Stars: How vain is Woman! veil thy Boſom, thoſe heaving Monſters fire me; oh that I was a Child again, that I might ſuck! [*Ex.* Flame.

Cad. I pity this poor unfortunate Man, I feel his Diſtemper approach my Brain.

Enter Darony, Cademore *turns from him.*

Daro. Dear Lady fly me not, ſtay and hear me ſpeak; *Ovid*'s Words in *Bonon*'s Sound, cannot deſcribe the Paſſion of my Love.

Cad. Cruel Man, follow me not; if you love me, do not augment my Torment.

Daro. I am come with Comforts to feed the diſtreſſed Soul, I love.

Cad. What in me do you admire?

Daro. Your Perſon, Madam.

Cad. They are Brutes that marry Bodies; the Mind is all that can be loved; the other is a Deſire proceeds from Nature vicious, urged by Food and Wine: live low, and you'll not love me.

Daro. Oh 'tis in my Soul, I admire the Mind!

Cad. Then if you converſe, you enjoy; what can you aſk for more?

Enter Hurlothrumbo, *and a* Parſon.

Hurlo. Come along, Sir, the King will make you a Biſhop.

Daro. My Love, my Life, my Fire, to thee ſhall all be given;
I'll make thee taſte of earthly Joys, and fetch thee down from Heaven:
A Power that will without controul,
Knock down all the Centrys of the Soul.
Sir, perform your Office. [*Speaking to the* Parſon.

Par. Madam, are you willing to be married?

Cad. I am not.

Hurlo. Never mind that.

Par. 'Tis my Sovereign, and I muſt obey.

Enter Flame, *with Piſtols, and a drawn Sword.*

Fla. This Dagger will I heat red-hot in the crimſon Blood of *Darony*, with which I'll ſpear the Heart of *Seringo*, that Weather-cock; I'll raiſe it upon ſome Pinacle or Spire; it ſhall ever whirl about with every Blaſt; myſelf I'll diſſolve into Air; I'll make the ſtormy Winds to blow, the petty Breezes ſhall have no power; but I'll reign King of Tempeſt.

Hurlo. My Lord, can I ſerve you? Do you pleaſe to accept of Aſſiſtance?

Fla. Hurlothrumbo, what haſt thou done with *Seringo*, hid her in thy Belly? Speak, in a moment ſpeak, or I'll rip it open, and let her out.

Hurlo. O no! ah hold! oh pray give me leave, and I'll anſwer you!

Fla. Speak! quickly ſpeak! or like a Griffin ſtuff'd with Fire and Gunpowder, I'll blow thy Limbs and Stings to every part of the Globe!

Hurlo. Oh ye Powers inſpire me with Madneſs, that I may anſwer him in his own Language! [*Aſide.*] If you pleaſe to let us go, my Lord, we'll this moment mount her upon the Back of the Sun; in the mean while, you get a ſtradling upon the Moon, there you'll be mounted aloft, and ride after her, ſpur and whip, whip and ſpur, and you'll be ſure to overtake her in the Eclipſes; there you'll be clapp'd together, Face to Face, one upon another; and all the World will ſhout and ſay, he has her, he has her, he has her! huzza!

[Darony, Hurlo. *and the* Parſon *ſhout and Ex.*

Fla.

Fla. Ride on Lightning, to perform, or I'll drive you on with Thunder.

Serin. Dear Lady keep him in Diſcourſe, for your own Security.

Cad. My Lord, you ſeem to be in diſtreſs, is it in my power to aſſiſt you?

Fla. No; my Soul, like a Jocky, is mounted and riding his eternal Race; I have ſlackned the Reins of Nature, and the Beaſt pulls, is pampered with too many Beans and Oats, and is running away with me to the Devil.

[*Ex.* Flame *and* Seringo.

Cad. Pity! I have heard of Pity, ſurely Pity now is baniſh'd from the Earth, and all the Spirits of Love are lock'd up faſt in Heaven. Was I once free from this miſerable Cave of Nature, I think I could deny myſelf even of Paradiſe, to fly about within this lower World, to cure all the Sick, and heal the Broken-hearted: If there be a Maid on Earth, whoſe Grief is like to mine, O ye ſublimer Genius of the Air! in tender Pity direct her here to me, that I may lay my Face down to her Feet, and waſh them clean with Tears; then will I riſe, and gaze, and give her all that's mine, that Generoſity may pleaſe my Soul, and Love will riſe up in my Heart, and conquer all my Grief.

Enter Seringo *and* Sementory.

Sem. I am full of ſympathetick Confuſion; there is nothing to be ſeen upon the Terraſs, but Flaſhes of Lightning, flying through Clouds of Gunpowder Smoak.

Cad. Oh I tremble!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Hurlothrumbo is taken Priſoner, and the *Dutch* Horſe begin to fly. [*Ex.* Serv.

Enter

Enter Flame.

Fla. The King has gain'd the Victory; I'll fly to the *Elysian* Fields, and provoke them all to dance.

Serin. Shall I go with you, my Lord?

Fla. Oh! no——

Seringo, *Coquets can never alarm me,*
I'll to the simple Fair incline,
Constant Love, full of Jove, *all divine,*
All, all, all divine, she's rais'd, touch'd, rap'd, and only mine:
O lead me, lead me to one like thee!
Yet mighty Fate, from happy State,
Keep us all from Ruin.
Through jealous Discords oh,
And parting worse than Death, Death, oh.

[Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Hurlothrumbo *in Priſon, guarded.*

Hurlo. LEave me alone, let me vent, let me pour out the inveterate Anguiſh of my Soul; I ſee there is nothing impoſſible; no, does not this World turn round without Spit or Jack, and roaſt before the Fire in the Elements till all her Fruits are ripe to eat? If this be ſo, all things are rul'd by the ſame Power, and there is nothing impoſſible. Stand ſtill ye Globe, let there be but one Seaſon, ſcorch or ſtarve the Univerſe: come a little nearer, oh ye Sun, and burn all mortal Race, or keep thee farther off, and ſtarve them ſoon to Death; oh that all Mankind might periſh with myſelf!

Enter Lomperhomock, *guarded.*

Hurlo. My Lord *Lomperhomock*, you're welcome to your new Habitation.

Lom. 'Tis a cold Place.

Hurlo. Yes; you had us'd to ſtew your Lungs up in Claret all Night, and the next Morning ſkim the Pot with a Pipe of Tobacco; but a little cold Water muſt now ſuffice: I wiſh I had the ſcourging of thy *Dutch* Buttocks.

Lom. Is there any Hopes of Liberty?

Hurlo. Nothing more ſure than that; they'll firſt make thee dance the ſtripping Dance.

Lom. How is that?

Hurlo. They'll firſt take this Stone Cloak off thy Shoulders; thy Clothes off thy Back; then ſtrip thy Body of thy Soul, and ſend it into its own Country ſtark naked; and a good Journey to you.

Lom. Rather a good Dream.

Hurlo. This World is all a Dream, an Outſide, a Dunghill pav'd with Diamonds; but to you and your curſed Army nothing can compare.

Except I hunt the Woods, to find a Savage Boar:
No ſooner he his Adverſary ſees,
But rouſes up from Luxury and Eaſe;
His Heart and Eyes, was in Surprize, and both at Civil War,
And all his Paſſion backward flies, and flames into the Air.
Then from his Jaws did Foam deſcend, as tho' he fear'd no Evil;
The Tail, the Tusks, the Briſtles ſtood an end, as if he'd fight the Devil;
But when with Spear, the Foe drew near, to ſhout for happy Day,
His Ears let fall, and drooping all, cry'd Boh! *and run away.* [Ex. *Lomp.*

Enter Primo.

Hurlo. Honourable Sir, and greateſt Comfort in Adverſity, 'tis my fervent Deſire to know what Pleaſure we ſhall enjoy in the *Elyſian*; for now all my Hopes are there.

Primo. Has your Pleaſure been intellectual, in which the Body has no ſhare?

Hurlo I have had very delightful Dreams, all Spirit and Love; but I muſt needs ſay, the Body did ſhare in the Pleaſure, and Woman has been all the Delight of my Life.

Primo. Look up, my Lord; you ſee yon Marble Sky,

Sky, thro' that is the way you are to paſs; then you come to a ſcarlet Flame, that Flame compounds the Nature of Woman, and if that part of Woman has diſſolved thee here, how ſhalt thou be able to march thro' the fiery Element, on which a Woman is made? No, it cannot be, you'll deſcend, you'll yearn to your old Delights, and viſit the Virgins in the Night.

Hurlo. That's good.

Primo. Then will you haunt melancholly Tombs, and viſit *Hurlothrumbo* in his Solitude; invite him to a Banquet of Raptures: but alas, he'll be indiſpos'd, and ſo deſire to be excus'd.

Hurlo. That's blank; may I not fly amongſt my old Friends, and noble Officers? will they not honour me as a Perſon of Quality?

Primo. Every Man is honour'd according to his Colour and Brightneſs; your common Souls are like diſſolved Alum, pour'd in clear Water; theſe are not able to converſe with the Sublimes, nor Glowworm ſhine before the Sun.

Hurlo. I hope they'll not rob me of my Honour, that his Majeſty has beſtow'd upon me: they'll call me Lord, will they not?

Primo. Words are not the Language of the Place, 'tis Muſick, Motion, Hieroglyphick, Dreſs.

Hurlo. Tell me how ſhall I converſe with *Brutus*, I long to ſee him: By what ſhall I know him?

Primo. Brutus is in Scarlet; his Heart ſhines like a Star, and his Right Hand is black.

Hurto. What, for Murder! then I ſhall be black all over; now be ſincere, and let me know your Opinion of my Caſe.

Primo. Then anſwer me, can you love a Friend more than a Miſtreſs?

Hurlo. No.

Primo. Are you mov'd with Sounds? do they drive Venom from your Soul, and make your Blood run cold?

Hurlo. No.

Primo. Are you affected with ſublime Proſe; do your Nerves creep, and your Veins ſhiver?

Hurlo. No.

Primo. Then you'll enter into the Shades like a Cow in an Opera, terrify'd with Delights; ſhe lows and interrupts; ſhe gallops to thoſe Climes, where is moſt Graſs, and a Bull. [*Ex.* Primo.

Hurlo. May be live in my Dream, upon the Deſarts of *Arabia*, hurl'd about with ſtormy Tempeſt, in Thunder, Lightning and Hail; be purſued by Dragons, Wolves and Tygers; then fly to my Body, for ſhelter, and find the Door ſhut. Oh moſt horrid! oh, what has brought me to this unhappy Place of Miſery? it was in purſuit of Honour.

Honour, like the lighted Meteor in the Air,
She leads the midnight Traveller aſtray,
Forſaken by the Light, the Sun and Day:
Thro' Brambles, Briers, Hedges, Ditches,
The Ignis fatuus *the Fool bewitches,*
Thus ſtimulated, the glimmering Light deceives him,
Leads him to a miry Bog, then vaniſhes and leaves him.
Thus I do roll and wallow in the Mire of the Mind,
Not one Moment's Eaſe to my Soul can find;
Shine oh Sun, my Life to me reſtore,
And thee for Fatuus *I'll forſake no more.*

[*Ex.* Hurlo.

Enter King, *and Officer.*

King. Here I parted with *Theorbeo*; ah he is gone, he is baniſh'd from the Earth; oh now my Body hungers for the Ground, as my Soul is a-thirſt for Heaven; I will go viſit him in the Duſt, whilſt Sorrow is deſirous to vent, leſt I rejoice at the Sight of *Cademore*, and forget my Grief for my Friend. The Fatigue of this Day has been very great; what

can

can ſtrengthen theſe trembling Nerves; quench and compoſe theſe flaming Spirits?

Offic. Sleep.

King. Oh, what can make an afflicted Mind to ſleep?

Offic. Harmony.

King. 'Tis true; whilſt I viſit *Theorbeo*, get the Performers in readineſs; let the Muſick be *Aſtartus*, 'tis the Languiſh of Angels, the Eccho of Heaven; and who ſhall declare the Senſe to Mortals? Thoſe Sounds inſpire the Intellect, and ſtrengthen the Soul; they animate and arm the Mind; raiſe to the higheſt Oeconomy of the Univerſe, and lure me quite from Care; then finely turning the Keys of Paradiſe, they waft me from Orb to Orb, and make me, thro' divine Opticks, ſee the radiant Splendors of bright ſhining Worlds.

[*Ex. King and Officer.*

[*Muſick plays ſolemn. The Scene diſcovers* Theorbeo's *Statue in a Grove.*

Enter King.

King. I could lay me down, and diſſolve my Body by thee, and make my Soul to ſwim away to thine in Floods of Tears: Oh *Theorbeo*, thy Body was inhabited once by all things fine, Faculties that rous'd aloft within, ready to heave up the Sky, and force themſelves to Heaven; full of an humble Grandeur, Reſolution, Ambition divine, that mighty he, that wings the Soul: 'tis impoſſible that ſo much Greatneſs ſhould ever ceaſe to live; oh here let me ſtay, till thy Breath of eternal Raptures ſhall deſcend from Heaven in Harmony; when thy bright Spirit, like the Sun, ſhall glance from the Sphere, I'll leap up in Extaſy, and meet thee in the Air; when we deſcend, I'll ſtand to pauſe, to gaze, admire, rejoice and weep; I'll parry thy Beams, run into thy Rays, and claſp thee in my Arms; if

I become blind; but now ſleepy Nature calls to reſt, and as our Bodies ſlumbering ſympathize, may our Souls in extatick Viſions meet.

[*Enter* Seringo *and ſings, and Exit.*

Enter Theorbeo *and* Dologodelmo.

Theor. She reſembles the Guardian Angel of a Man, when his Pupil to *Pluto* and to Vice is given; then juſt like her, he ſings, he mourns, and ſends the Muſe to Heaven.

King. Now have I paſs'd my *Cademore*'s World, and enter *Theorbeo*'s Kingdom; is it thus we paſs from laſting Sleep, and wak'd to Life by a Choir of Angels? This inimitable Sound makes all my Nerves to creep; the chanting Harmony thrills my Veins; the ſuperlative Sweetneſs of the Muſick raiſes me from the Duſt of Death.

[*He riſes, and ſees* Theorbeo.

Oh *Theorbeo*, I am like a cœleſtial inſpired Man, my Heart is full of Love, and overflows with Joy; is it laſting, or will it vaniſh? To-day or ever? Momentary or eternal? declare thoſe blooming Thoughts; a Pearl and heavenly Myſtery lodge within thine Eyes, ripe with Anity, appris'd with Tidings from on high: oh tell to me the Caſe of ſeparate Souls; or in the Rapidity of thy Career, catch me away in a divine Tranſport, I long to touch thee? may I touch thee?

Theor. Yes, you may.

Dolo. Will your Majeſty give me leave to explain the Myſtery?

King. Speak *Godelmo*, for I long to hear.

Dolo. The King was no ſooner enter'd the Room of Burning-Glaſs; but it ſcorch'd his very Soul; crying out aloud to Heaven, with fervent Oraiſon, the Sun ſeem'd to ſtart, and vail'd his Face with Clouds; for when he reflected on what was done,

he

he mourn'd and wept, he wetted all the World with Tears: when we were both releas'd from our Chains, he drew the Veſture from his Eyes, and ſmil'd on all the Earth.

King. Oh *Theorbeo*, methinks I ſee the Angel, that pitches his Pavilion round thee, leave thee and march to the higher Regions of the Air, then riſe up with his glittering Glory, and eclipſe the Sun; O *Theorbeo*, I celebrate a Dunelmo in my Heart, and all the Faculties of my Soul are banqueting on high Delight.

Enter Flame.

Fla. The Centry of my Actions is juſt reliev'd; my new Companion, and a good Conſcience, revive my Vitals, chuck my Heart under the Chin; and all the Strings ſtrike up a Rit-a-te; every Faculty is trickling down with Tranſports.

Sings, *I gaze in Tranſport charm'd,*
My Soul's with Love alarm'd. [*Ex.*

A SONG.

O ſleep ye no more, condole,
In Sleeping dieth Sorrow,
In Sorrow dieth Sleeping,
And Sleep relieves the Soul.

Scene changes to the Court.

Enter Sementory *and* Seringo.

Sem. See here comes the King; Calamity prepares a Man to receive a Petition; *Dolo* will tell him the Cauſe of our coming.

Enter Dologodelmo.

Dolo. I have inform'd the King that you have a Petition to his Majeſty; he'll inſtantly paſs by, and ſpeak to you; ſee where he comes! [*Ex.* Dolo.

Ente

Enter King.

Sem. Pray my Sovereign Lord hear us, let Pity move; the meaneſt of Kings pardon ſmall Offences, and the mightieſt of Kings may ſtand in need of Mercy; your Majeſty knows that Greatneſs is ſeen more in a Man, when Mercy exerts in Lowlineſs, than when he rides in Fury, upon red-wing'd Thunder to revenge.

King. Riſe up, I'll hear no more, I can gueſs at what you'll ſay. [*Ex.* Sem. *and* Ser.] My Enemies are the Rod of Heaven, that ſeldom ceaſes to torment: How mean a thing it is for Men to beg that Life, that is in the hands of the greateſt Adverſary? No, they cannot live, their Breath would infect the Air, who would turn looſe Dragons, Wolves and Tygers, I am not ſafe upon my Throne; yet Wiſdom, in the higheſt Philoſophy, tells me I am ſafe? for if there be a Power above, I am the Shadow of that Power below; and if ſo, not all the Power of my Adverſaries, and all the furious Infernals, can ſtir a Shadow the Breadth of a Hair, except they have power to move the Subſtance. I cannot bear to have an Enemy: if I deſtroy theſe Men, they go down to the Duſt unconquer'd: I never knew a Temper, not of the moſt inveterate kind, but I could conquer it, and force the Man to love me. When Ambition, Revenge and Paſſions riſe, then Reaſon ſtrengthens, and Love ſtands up and demands a Parly; and when my vanquiſh'd Adverſary ſtands before me, it is equal to me whether I ſtrike or kiſs. [*Exit.*

Enter Sementory *and* Seringo.

Sem. Darony is very deſirous to live, he's much in love with Life; the King is now in *Cademore*'s Apartment; ſhe may ſoften his Mind, and make him full of Compaſſion: *Darony* deſerves no Pity.

Oh

Oh *Seringo*, what was you in love with, when you admir'd that Mortal?

Ser. Not with the Man, but his Title.

Sem. Well, we Women are not worth a wiſe Man's Obſervation; our graceleſs Pride, and covetous Ambition, makes us always poor, and taſteleſs; were we humble as the pureſt Spirits, diſcerning as the Watchers above; we ſhould admire Merit, then find Happineſs, and be as rich as Hermits: you'll never proſper for your Cruelty to the Lord *Flame*.

Ser. That's my fear.

Sem. See, here he comes; 'tis Vertue creates Love, Love Fire, and Fire confin'd creates Madneſs; but give vent, and all ſhall be well.

Ser. I will, *Sementory*.

Enter Flame.

Fla. What! not married yet?

Sem. No; Angels are jealous of the Sublime in Ladies, prevent and preſerve us from rude Men; for they deſtroy the Beauty of the Mind, as Time and Thought do the Body.

Fla. O *Seringo!* that thy Heart was Steel; 'tis Sand upon which I have wrote all my Perfections, but every little Wind makes an Alteration, and blows the Impreſſion quite away.

Sings *Luſinga dal mio para*
Sini non a penſier,
O cara Spoſa bramona.

Sem. Make way; ſee here the King comes!

[*Ex.* Flame, Sementory, *and* Seringo.

Enter King *and* Cademore.

Cad. Oh! tell me, how did you bear the Pangs of parting?

King. When I heard that you was married to another, my Soul ſigh'd within me; it mourn'd, it griev'd, I perceiv'd a Tear of Blood to trickle down, and drop from the Bottom of my Heart; then

then Reaſon rouz'd within me, with celeſtial Wings I ſoar'd, I flew to my Aid aloft, I ſigh'd, I bow'd ſublime, and wept.

Enter Theorbeo *and* Dologodelmo.

Dolo. The vanquiſh'd Traitors are come to appear before your Majeſty.

King. Can you bear to ſee any thing in diſtreſs?

Theo. I muſt own my Soul is apt to ſympathize.

King. 'Tis ſo with me; when I ſee the Wound of a Man, that Part of me trembles; and thro' viewing a Cripple, have been ſeized with Lameneſs. How Thoughts riſe up and plead to ſtrengthen Mercy! telling me I am a Judge, my own Eternal highly honour'd, myſelf appears before myſelf, to receive from myſelf my irrevocable Sentence.

A Shout behind the Scenes. Enter Hurlothrumbo, Urlandenny, *and* Darony.

King. Here comes *Hurlothrumbo* in Hieroglyphicks; pray the meaning of this comical Dreſs?

Hurlo. 'Tis a dumb Confeſſion of my Guilt, 'tis an Index to my Heart; black and yellow without, wild and fooliſh within.

King. 'Tis true; though I have never known a Coward honourable, I have ſeen a ſtout Man a Villain; the Love of Gold will overthrow the greateſt Heart: thou haſt conquer'd a Lion, deceiv'd a Mad-man, and cunningly eſcaped from Death, but now ——

Hurlo. Oh now let me live that I may be all divine, and ſo out-wit the Devil!

King. Darony, what have you to ask?

Dar. Life, and Pardon for my Offences.

King. As the Optick through the Lid diſcerns the Light; ſo through the Eye of the Intellect, methinks I ſee your ſeparate Souls, ſtrolling ſad through the intricate Windings of *Elyſium*: I pity you

you all as poor unfortunate Men; *Darony*, I will not take from you that Life which Heaven has given, but will give thee Riches to ſatisfy the Thirſt of thy Ambition. Why do you pauſe?

Dar. Oh what an Alteration in the Mind! your Generoſity is at wars within, and knocks down Avarice, Cruelty and Pride in me; I am in love with your Greatneſs, and hate myſelf; I myſelf will puniſh your Offender, [*ſtabs himſelf.*] Oh! looſe me, 'tis not finiſhed. [Dol. *holds him.*

King. See, is the Wound mortal?

Dol. 'Tis not, my Lord.

King. Unarm him, take him hence, he ſhall not die. *Hurlathrumbo*, ſo long as thou art cloathed in that like Garment, thou ſhalt live, thou ſhalt never appear in Scarlet any more, to deceive Mankind. *Urlandenny*, I remember what good thy Father perform'd in our Family, therefore I will not ſeparate thy Soul from thy Body, but will give thee Liberty.

Urlan. Oh how Heaven exerts in Nature! Great and noble Man, every Tongue ſhall ſpeak of thee, their Words ſhall mingle with the Winds, to fly and ſing through all and every Part: thoſe Sounds rebound from Sky to Sky, and Eccho's ring in every Heart; and when that Cloud thy Body ſhall paſs from the Sun, thy Soul, that Sun, ſhall ſhine throughout all Worlds: the diminutive Spirits will in amazement ſtand, for thy exceeding Glory will eclipſe their Sight: Fear and Trembling on their vital Hearts will ſeize, they'll drop to the Earth as Leaves in Autumn fall; the mortal Stars will not preſume to gaze, but in thy Preſence veil their Faces all. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *BTROM.*

Enter *Hurlothrumbo.*

Ladies and Gentlemen, my Lord of Flame
Has ſent me here to thank you in his Name;
Proud of your Smiles, he's mounted many a Story
Above the tip-top Pinnacle of Glory:
Thence he deſies the Sons of Clay, the Criticks;
Fellows, ſays he, that are meer Paralyticks,
With Judgments lame, and Intellects that halt,
Becauſe a Man outruns them—they find fault.
He is indeed, to ſpeak my poor Opinion,
Out of the reach of critical *Dominion.*

[Enter *Critick.*

Adſo! here's one of 'em—Cr. *A ſtrange odd Play, Sir;*

[Enter *Author*, puſhes *Hurlothrumbo* aſide,

Au. *Let me come to him*—*Pray, what's that you ſay, Sir?*

Cr. *I ſay, Sir, Rules are not obſerv'd here*—Au. *Rules, Like Clocks and Watches, were all made for Fools.*

Rules

Rules make a Play? that is—Cr. *What, Mr. Singer?*
Au. *As if a Knife and Fork ſhould make a Finger.*
Cr. *Pray Sir, which is the* Hero *of your Play?*
Au. *Hero? why they're all Heroes in their way.*
Cr. *Why here's no* Plot! *or none that's underſtood.*
Au. *There's a* Rebellion *tho'; and that's as good.*
Cr. *No Spirit nor Genius in't.* Au. *Why didn't here*
A SPIRIT *and a* GENIUS *both appear?*
Cr. *Poh, 'tis all Stuff and Nonſenſe*—Au. *Lack-a-day!*
Why that's the very Eſſence *of a Play.*
Your Old-Houſe, New-Houſe, Opera and Ball;
'Tis NONSENSE, Critick, *that ſupports 'em all.*
As you yourſelves ingeniouſly have ſhown,
Whilſt on their Nonſenſe you have built your own,
Cr. *Here wants*—Au. *Wants what? Why now for all your canting,*
What one Ingredient of a Play is wanting?
Muſick, Love, War, Death, Madneſs without Sham,
Done to the Life, by Perſons *of the* Dram:
Scenes and Machines, deſcending and ariſing;
Thunder and Lightning; ev'ry thing ſurprizing!
Cr. *Play, Farce, or Opera is't?* Au. *No matter whether,*
'Tis a Rehearsal *of 'em all together.*
But come Sir, come, troop off, old Blundermonger,
And interrupt the Epilogue *no longer.*
[*Author* drives the *Critick* off the Stage.
Hurlo *proceed*—
Hurlo. *Troth! he ſays true enough,*
The Stage has given riſe to wretched Stuff:
Critick, or Player; a Dennis, *or a* Cibber,
Vie only which ſhall make it go down glibber;
A thouſand murd'rous ways they caſt about
To ſtifle it—but Murder like—'twill out.

Our

Our Author fairly, without ſo much Fuſs
Shows it—in puris Naturalibus;
Purſues the Point beyond its higheſt Height,
Then bids his Men of Fire, and Ladies bright,
Mark, how it looks!—when it is out of Sight.
So true a Stage, *ſo fair a Play for Laughter,*
There never was before, nor ever will come after:
Never, no never; not while vital Breath,
Defends ye from that long-liv'd Mortal *Death.*
Death!—ſomething hangs on my prophetick Tongue,
I'll give it utterance—be it right or wrong:
Handel *himſelf ſhall yield to* Hurlothrumbo,
And Bononcini *too ſhall cry*—Succumbo.
That's if the Ladies *condeſcend to ſmile,*
Their Looks make Senſe, or Nonſenſe, in our Iſle.